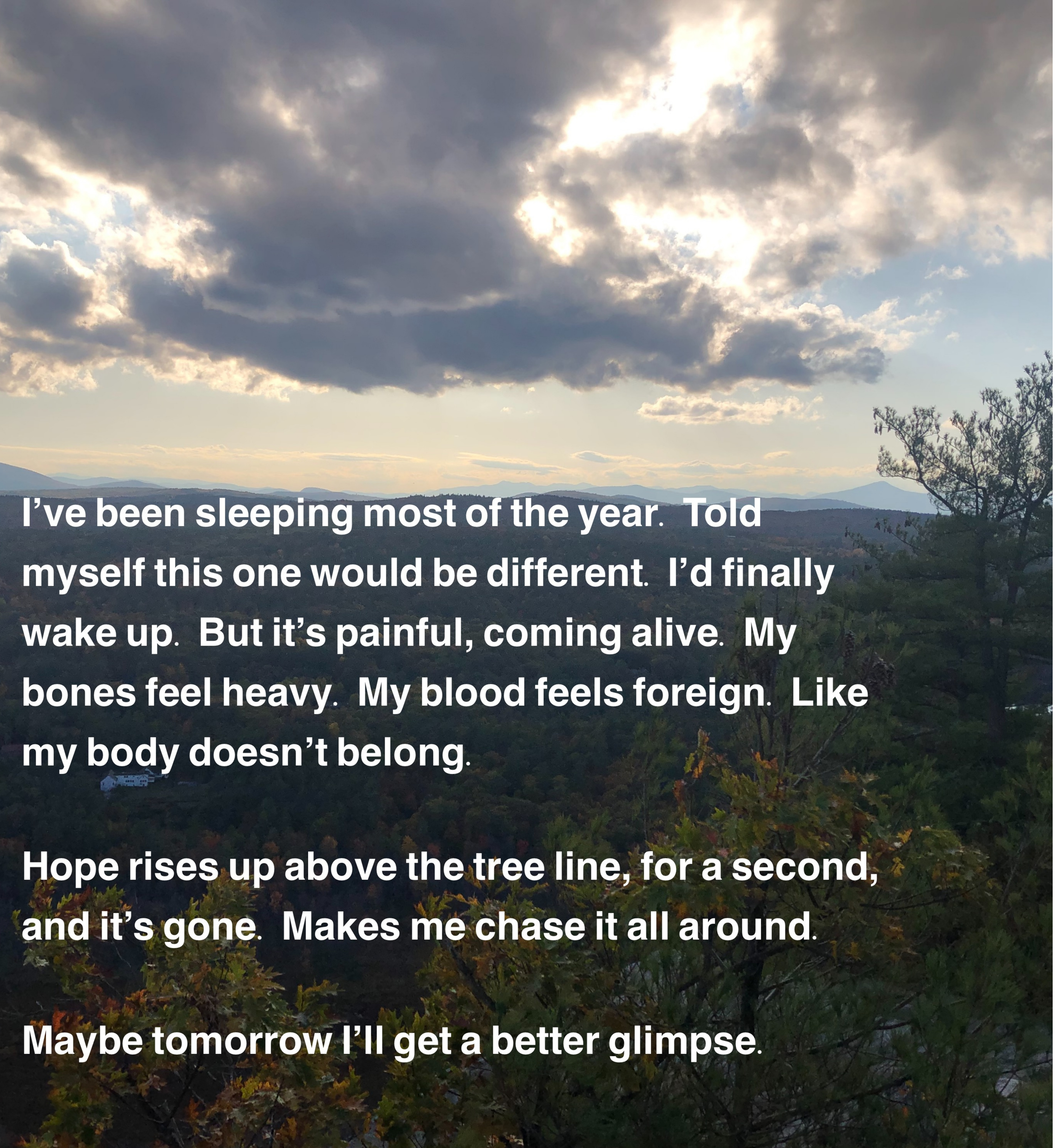


DAWNDARK

A book by Jonny Bolduc
thank-you e edition

thank you:
jessica bentz
chris riemer
Zoey Cohen
Sam Finch
Manuel Friz
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PKmuhJay
Valeria van der Poel
Alex Shelley
Kory Ulizza

and everyone else who has
supported my poetry and
projects



I've been sleeping most of the year. Told myself this one would be different. I'd finally wake up. But it's painful, coming alive. My bones feel heavy. My blood feels foreign. Like my body doesn't belong.

Hope rises up above the tree line, for a second, and it's gone. Makes me chase it all around.

Maybe tomorrow I'll get a better glimpse.

this is a follow up to one of the first landscape inspired pieces i ever composed. it has been a hard year. but maybe next year won't be so hard. maybe tomorrow will be gentle.

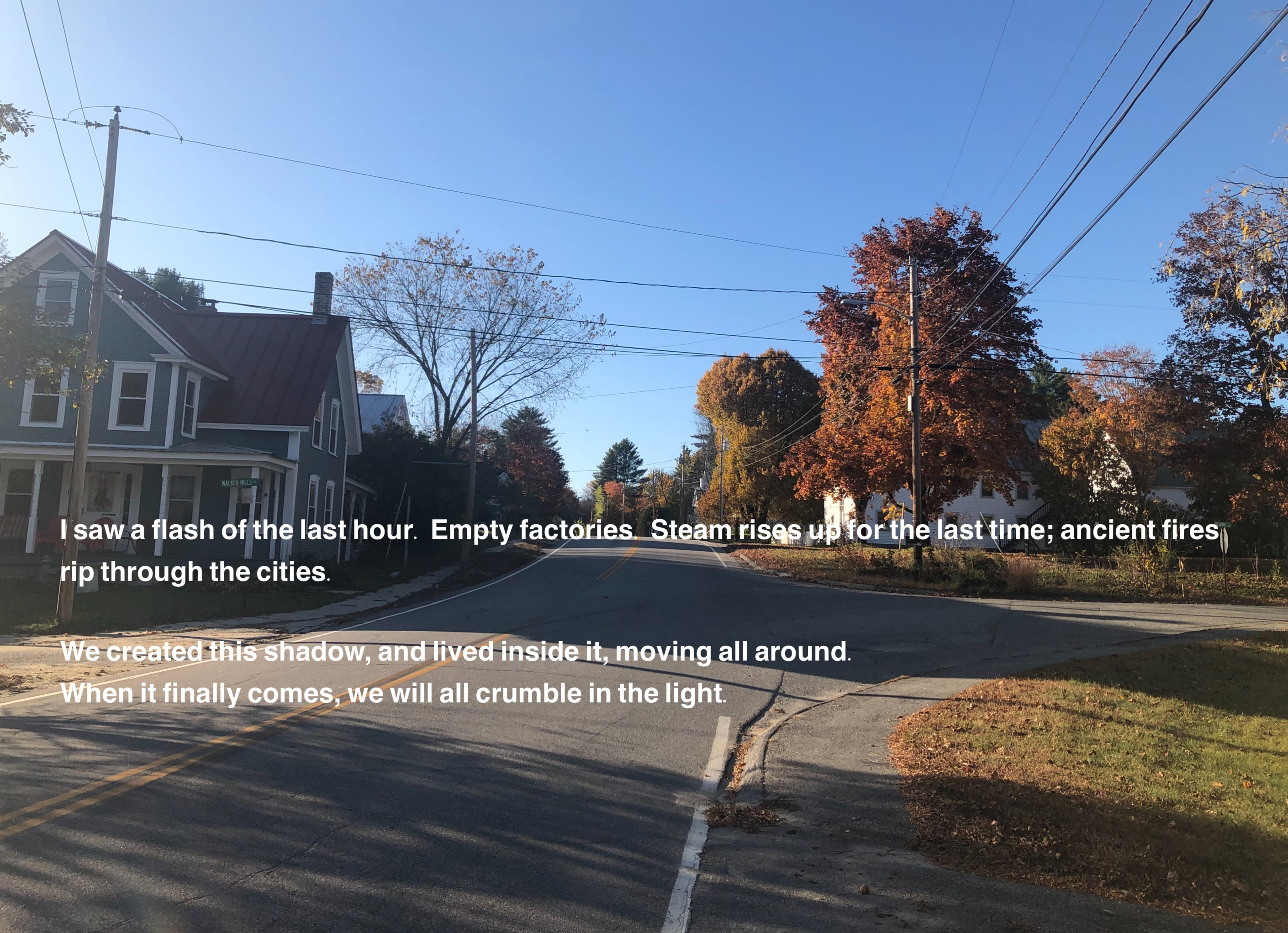


**These thoughts carry me off into
darkness, through a strange land,
teetering on the edge of death.**

The mind is a strange vehicle.

I hope I know when I've arrived.

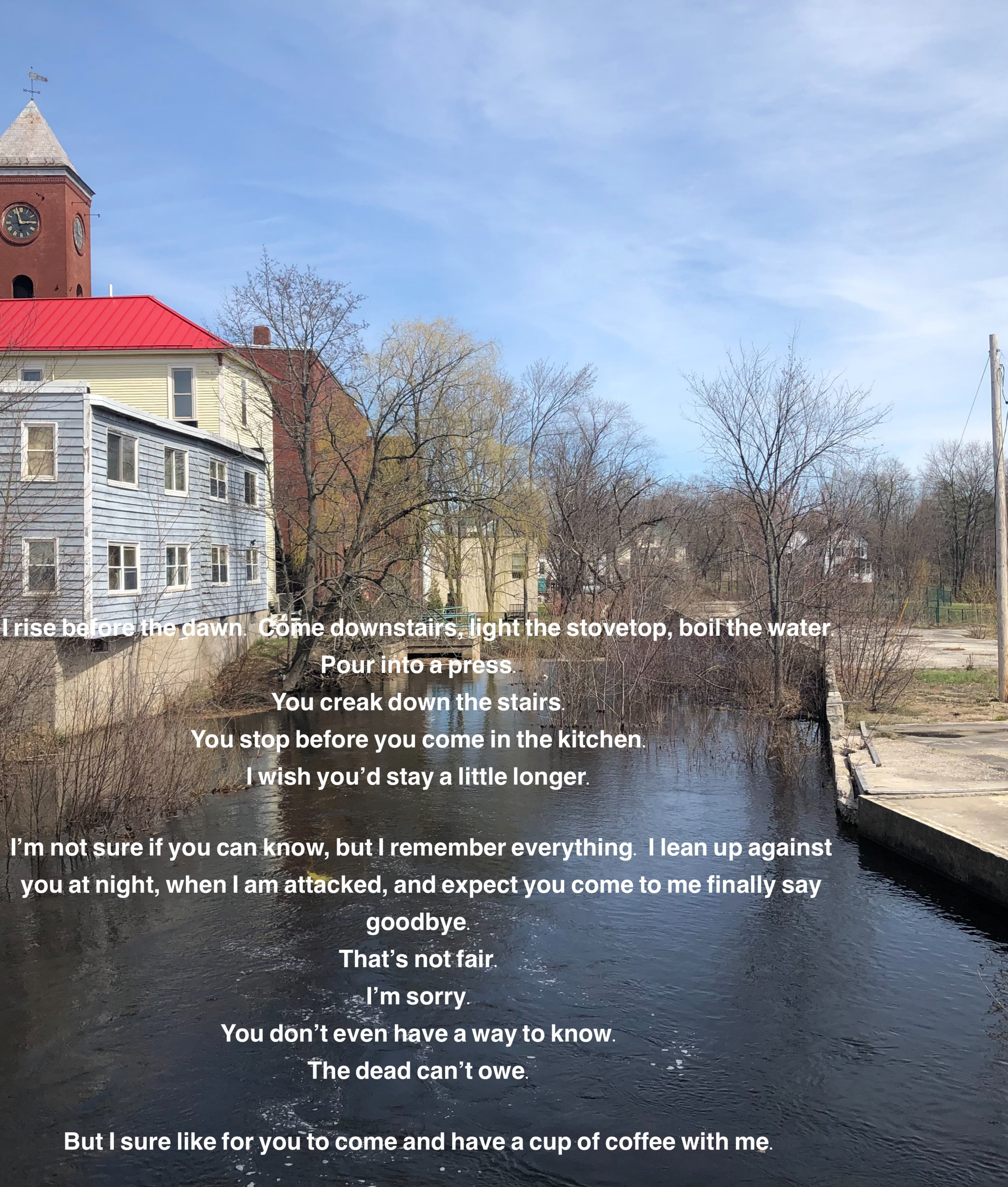
the question for the ages. where does your
anxiety, terror lead you? how bad can it get?
how far will i let the vehicle take me?



I saw a flash of the last hour. Empty factories. Steam rises up for the last time; ancient fires rip through the cities.

We created this shadow, and lived inside it, moving all around.
When it finally comes, we will all crumble in the light.

what would a snap-shot of the world, as we have
constructed it, look like at it's last hour?

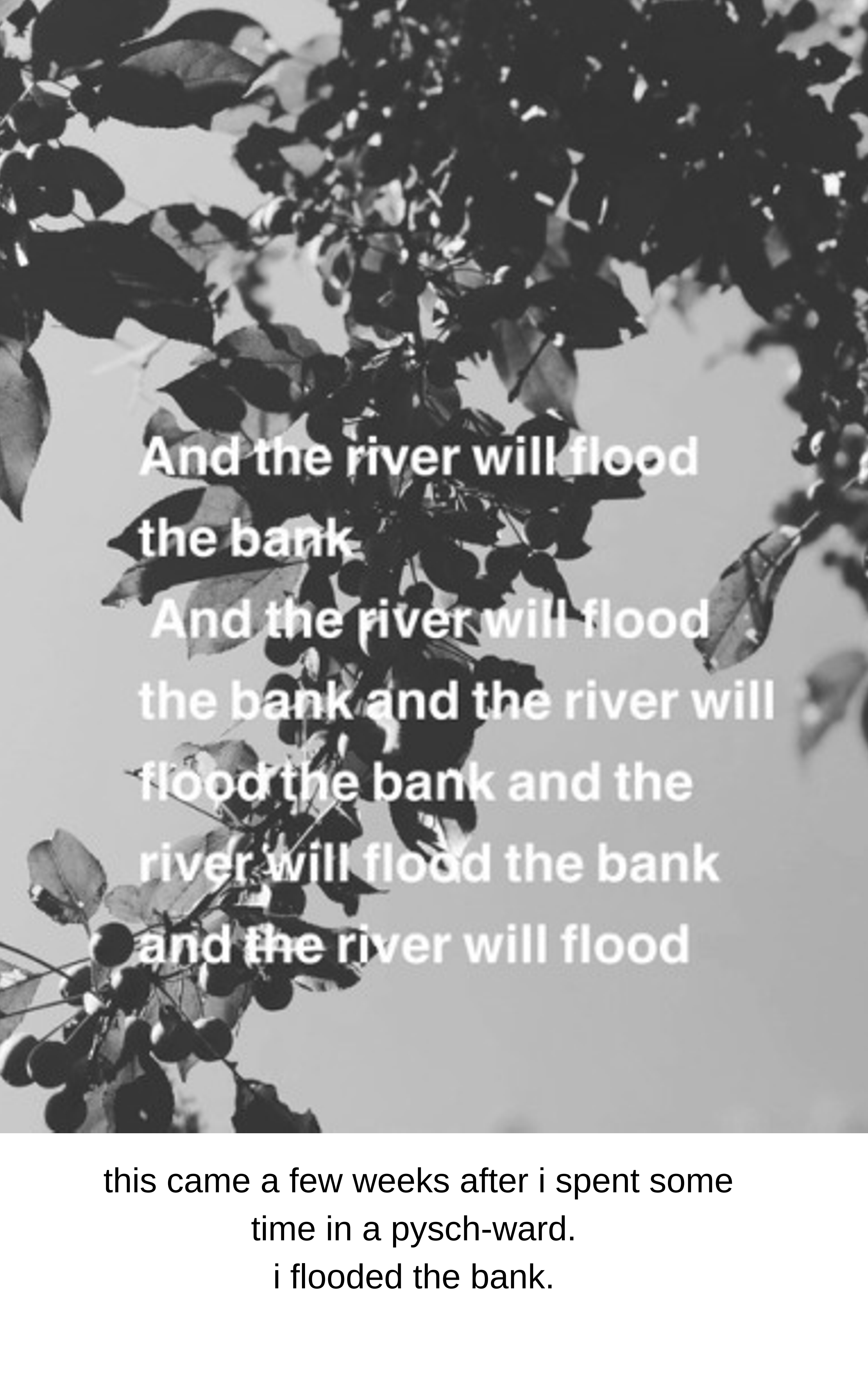


I rise before the dawn. Come downstairs, light the stovetop, boil the water.
Pour into a press.
You creak down the stairs.
You stop before you come in the kitchen.
I wish you'd stay a little longer.

I'm not sure if you can know, but I remember everything. I lean up against
you at night, when I am attacked, and expect you come to me finally say
goodbye.
That's not fair.
I'm sorry.
You don't even have a way to know.
The dead can't owe.

But I sure like for you to come and have a cup of coffee with me.

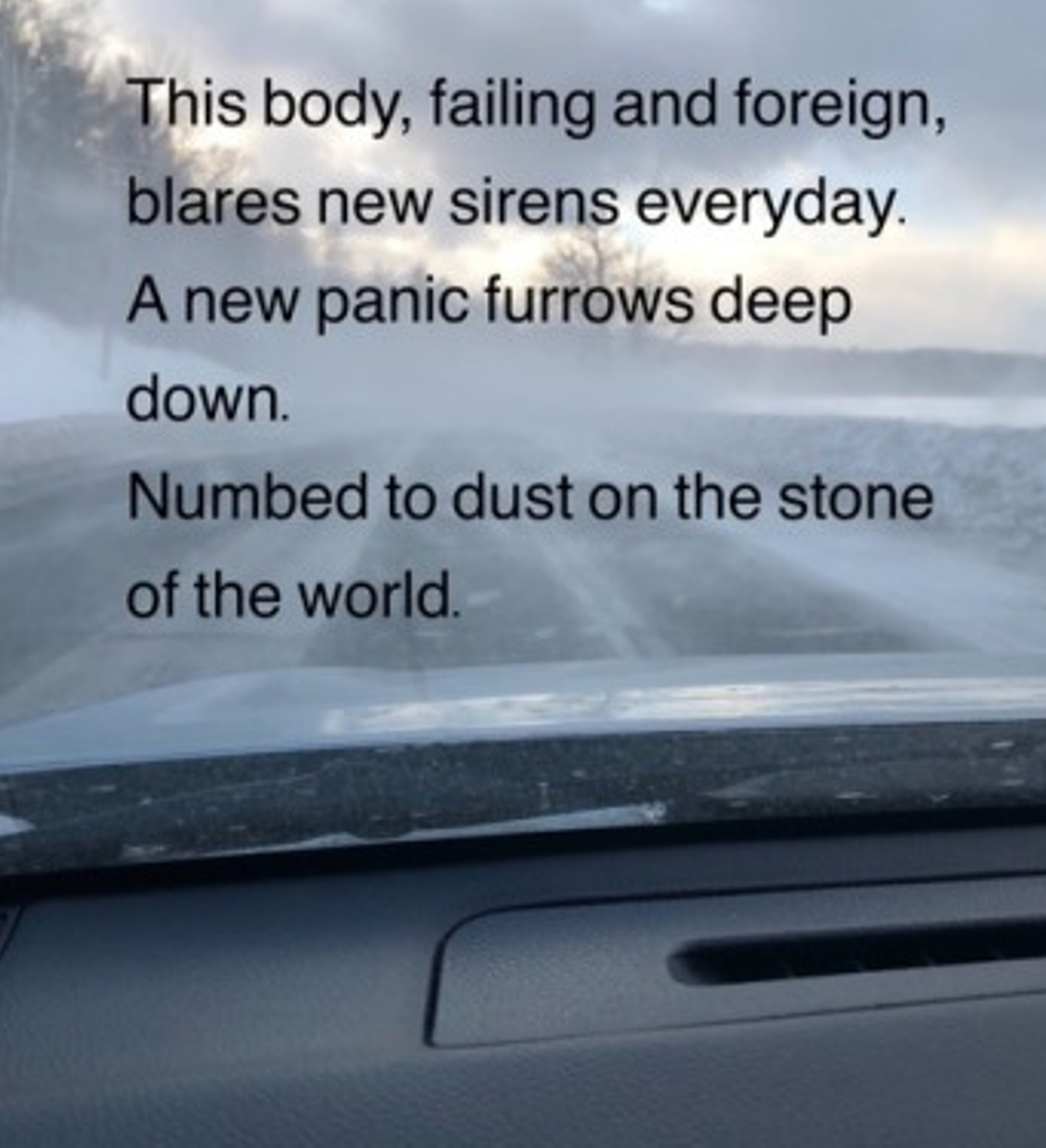
this follows me around like a knife. let me
speak to you, let me heal, let me



And the river will flood
the bank

And the river will flood
the bank and the river will
flood the bank and the
river will flood the bank
and the river will flood

this came a few weeks after i spent some
time in a psych-ward.
i flooded the bank.



This body, failing and foreign,
blares new sirens everyday.
A new panic furrows deep
down.
Numbed to dust on the stone
of the world.

i was driving. mid afternoon, feb., only car on the road.
wind was whipping up so much snow on this stretch of
road that i had to stop so it could die down. i thought
about how numb i was.

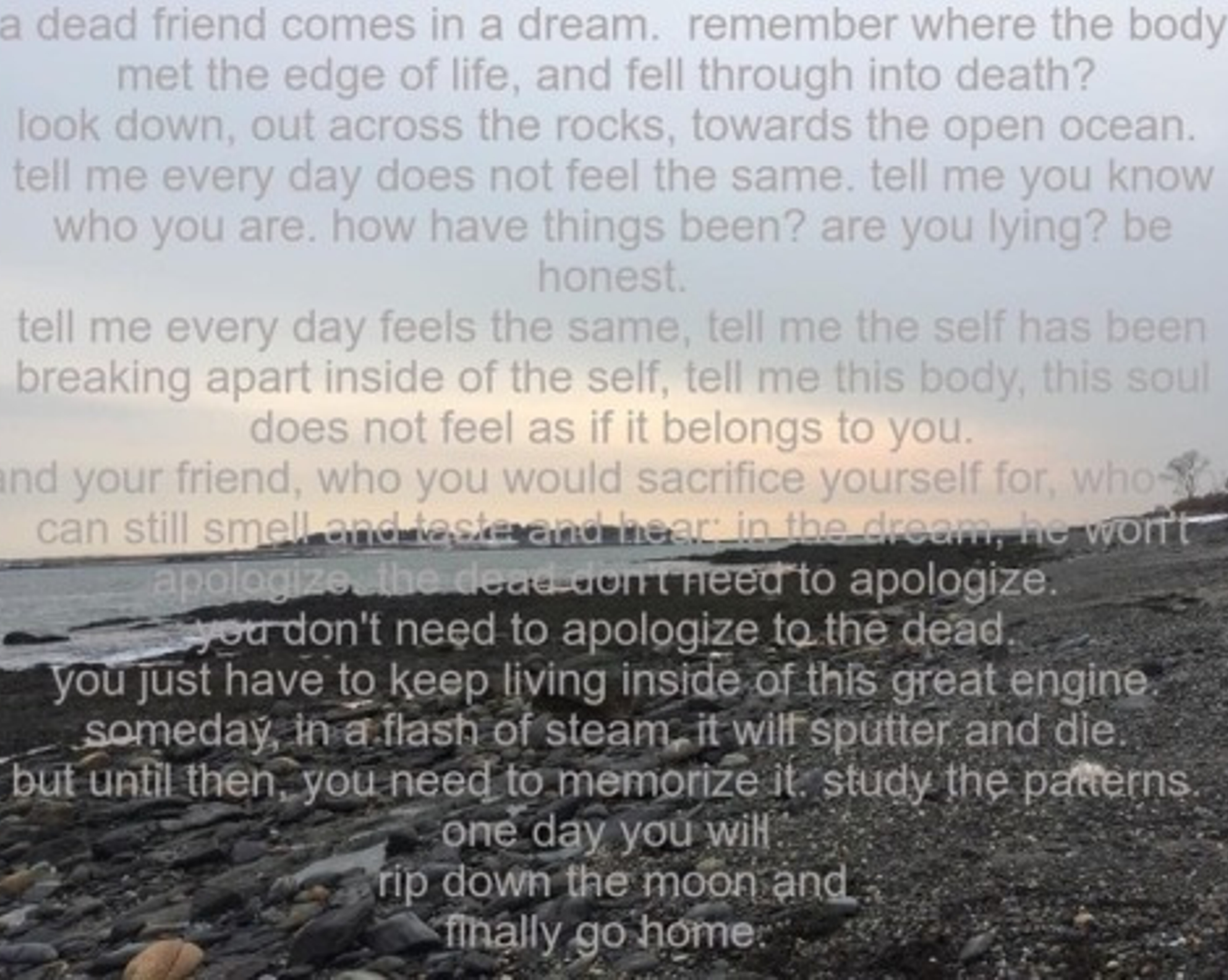


in my dreams
you rise up from your
sickbed
and you open the door



The illness has run its course. How do
you think it will end? Will we be calm and
clean when the last hour comes?

common themes of dreams, sickbeds, and
the last hour of the world. taken in lewiston,
and from my hayloft.



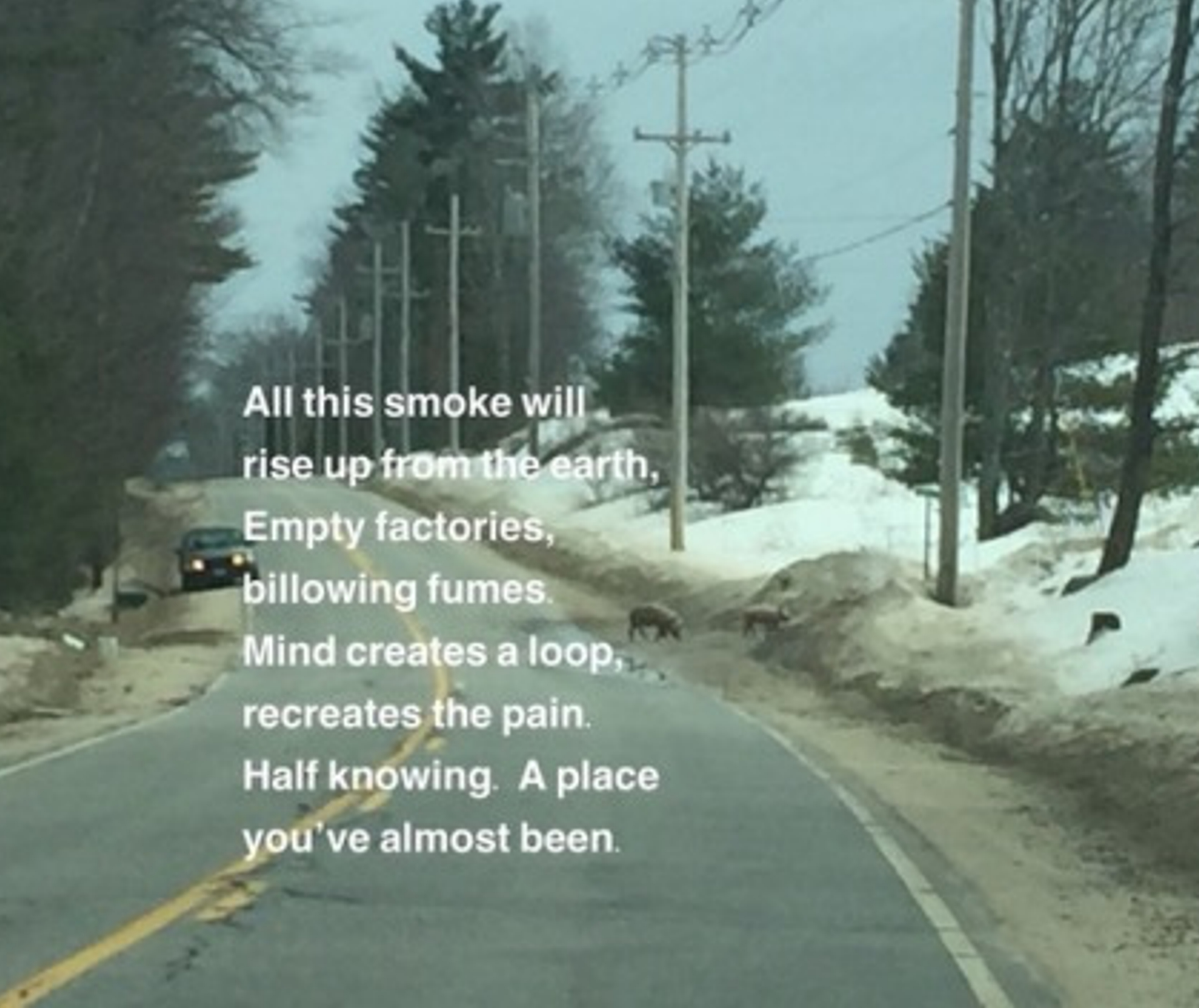
a dead friend comes in a dream. remember where the body
met the edge of life, and fell through into death?
look down, out across the rocks, towards the open ocean.
tell me every day does not feel the same. tell me you know
who you are. how have things been? are you lying? be
honest.
tell me every day feels the same, tell me the self has been
breaking apart inside of the self, tell me this body, this soul
does not feel as if it belongs to you.
and your friend, who you would sacrifice yourself for, who
can still smell and taste and hear; in the dream, he won't
apologize. the dead don't need to apologize.
you don't need to apologize to the dead.
you just have to keep living inside of this great engine.
someday, in a flash of steam, it will sputter and die.
but until then, you need to memorize it. study the patterns.
one day you will
rip down the moon and
finally go home.

part of what i love about macros is the constant
learning. i really like this piece. but it's a wall of
text. there are ways i can cut it up, make it so it
really complements the image (Scarborough
beach). cut it up like a collage, turn it into
something beautiful. that's why i use so many
of the same themes so often. i'm not done with
them. macros lend themselves to repetition, to
finding the best words, the best images for the
words, and the best way to lay them out. i
never get all the aspects right. but we (anyone
who creates art) is better for trying.

we are always leaving things behind
why not leave it all
at once



the ocean often leads to large, dramatic
gestures



All this smoke will
rise up from the earth,
Empty factories,
billowing fumes.
Mind creates a loop,
recreates the pain.
Half knowing. A place
you've almost been.

this apocalypse piece has a pretty funny backstory. my friend and i were doing like 60 on some back-roads in an SUV and we came across some pigs that must have escaped. we safely passed them, realized we made a huge mistake not getting a picture, pulled a u-turn and snapped this shot.

the self abandons the self.
picks a strange place to die, nestled in the garbage of the construct,
lapping up the blood, pouring from the cracks of the consciousness.
not the first time the self has ripped.

the mania, the shifts, the cracking real, the first time the flight of the self flung
far from the body.

the self, the self that does not belong, the part of the whole, becomes the whole.

the self abandons the self.

the self abandons the self.



i am trying to kill the self that wants me to kill
myself.

that may sound morbid, but to me, it's
hopeful.

there's a quiet inside of this open air. it expands
and fills, and soon, you're walking through
the thick, tangible quiet.

and if you listen, if your really listen, you
can hear the pulse of the world, the old hum we
almost remember, the old language etched into us

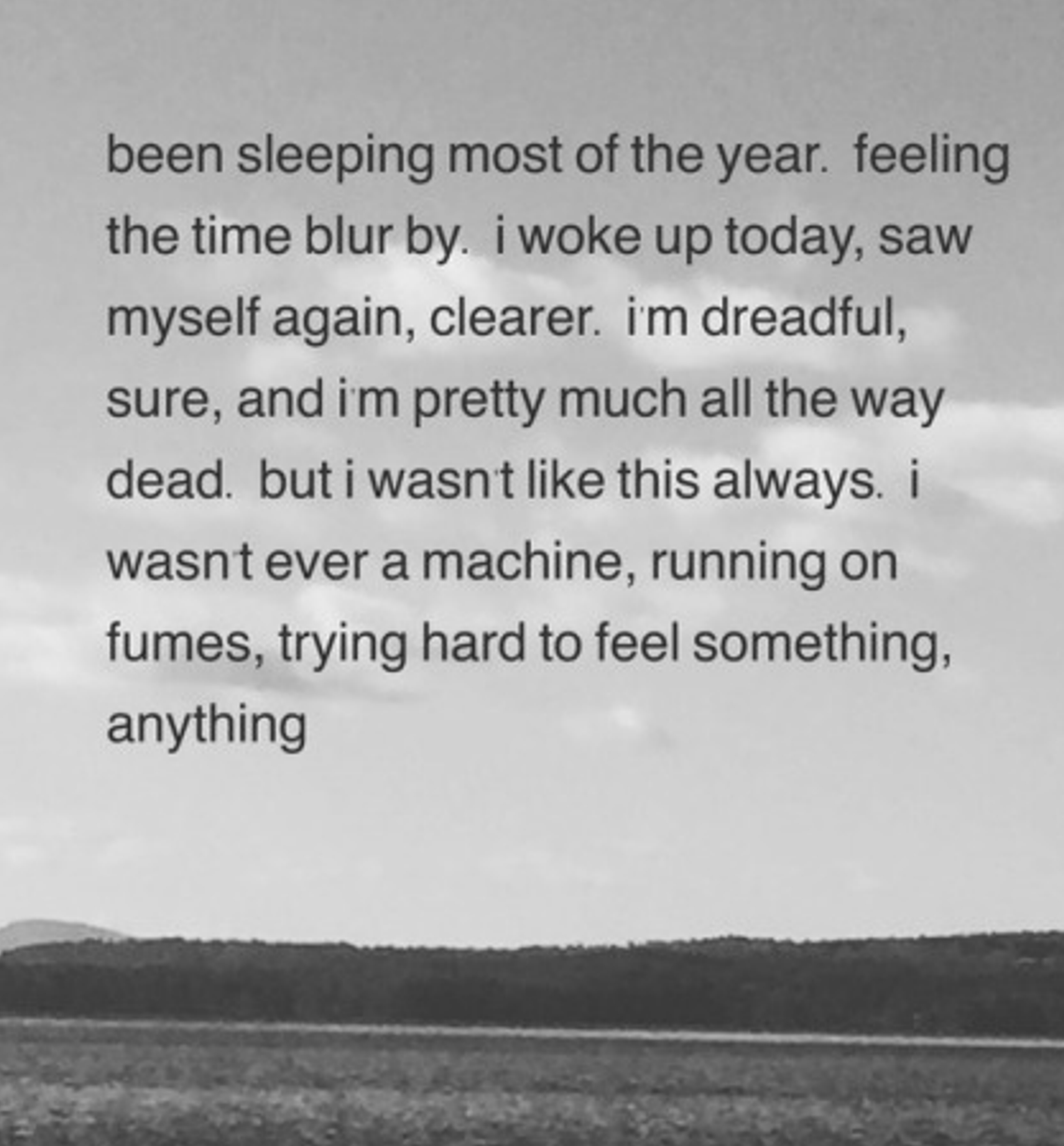
it's a strange thing, to hear the quiet.

one day, i'll be quiet forever. one day, i'll exist in
the space between words. one day, you'll hear me
whispering into the open air, singing something
you can almost understand



a dead thing ripped upon by
the birds, tossing up flesh,
the carcass providing, a
heavy thing set upon the
chest, cracking the lungs, a
ritual crushing, a sharp thing
cut up on the flesh, the holy
blood letting, a dead god
flayed out on the rock,
Innards gulped up like stew,
a new moon rises over the
world, a new hellish
pantheon made for us

i like this but it's kind of just surface level
spooky.



been sleeping most of the year. feeling
the time blur by. i woke up today, saw
myself again, clearer. i'm dreadful,
sure, and i'm pretty much all the way
dead. but i wasn't like this always. i
wasn't ever a machine, running on
fumes, trying hard to feel something,
anything

thank you very much for reading, and for
your support. i hope to have a full, 50+ page
book titled DAWN DARK available before
Christmas.